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Catherine Hayes's songster

London

[18--]

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One Penny]

Catherine Hayes's

SONGSTER

Alonzo, the brave (comic version)
Cot where I was born
Cheer boys, cheer
Cottage and Water Mill
Come hallow the goblet
Dear Italy
For-top Morality
Gin-shop Bar
I'll away to the wars
I likes a drop of good beer
I'm bothered from head to the tail
It is the song my mother sings
Joe's second Dilemma
King Canute
Love and Prudence
Land of my birth
Low-backed Car
Last Meeting
Labourer's welcome home
Parting Tear, or a last farewell
Pauper's Drive
The Doctor's Knock
To the West
The pudding bag
The Boys of these days
The Bear Hunt
Well met, pretty maid
Where shall the lover rest
Will you come to the dale
When I played those tricks so charming
Well earned pleasures of the chase
Will you love me then as now
We were boys together

Ryle and Co, Printers, Monmouth-court, Bloomsbury, London.

Joe's Second Dilemma.

WELL, that time we were not found out,
My mistress went to bed,
But I meant to give her warning
If another word was said.
Next morning, when she came down stairs,
(She helps me when it suits)
What should she in the copper find,
But one of Joseph's boots.

What's this? said she, what can it be?
A boot, I do declare,
It must be master's ma'am, I said,
But how could it get there?
I only wish you could have seen
Her temper, how it riz—
Your master don't wear high-lows,
So it can't be one of his!

Of course I then began to cry,
Could I my tears control!
I am not given to boiling boots,
I ain't, upon my soul.
Some thief who wish'd to rob the place,
Perhaps belongs to that;
It must have been brought in the house,
O, please mem, it's the cat.

It was till long after that
I dare let Joseph come,
Till Missus down to Margate went,
And Master was from home;
They'd put me on board wages,
And I felt so very low,
I did not like to sit alone,
So to tea invited Joe.

Well, after tea, Joe said that he
Should like to have a smoke,
About Returns and Mary-Land
He made his usual joke;
His right arm it was round my waist
With his left he blow'd his cloud,
When what a shock, 'twas master's knock,
It was so long and loud.

I pointed to the copper, but
Said Joe, No! if I do
May I be—boiled I think he meant,
I was in such a stew;
Says I, then there's the cistern,
And it's empty I declare!
And while I let my master in,
Joe slily crept in there.

'Twas not that master often did
Come down the kitchen stairs,
Except when missus was from home
But then was unawares;
I think he had been dining out,
He was so full of joking;
When all at once he stopped and said—
'Why Mary, who's been smoking?'

I did not know what to reply,
I was in such a state—
Till finding courage, I exclaimed—
'Oh! please sir, it's the grate!'
'The grate'—said he—'now don't tell me,
You know you tell a cracker,
It's very clear there's some one here
For the grate don't smoke tobacco'

We all at once heard such a noise,
My master had not gone—
The stupid turncock he had been
And turned the water on.
Poor Joseph stood it like a man,
Till the cistern it was filled,
Then like a half drowned rat jump'd out
For fear he should be killed.

Well like a stuck pig there I stood,
I'd not a word to say!
But my master paid my wages,
And I left that very day.
If any here a servant want,
Of the place I should be proud,
But mind it must be one of those,
Who're followers are allowed.

Doctor's Knock.

WHAT a terrible man the doctor is,
As he rat tat tats at the door,
With salts and squills, black draughts and pills,
He physics the rich and poor.
In every face he sees a case,
And he rubs his hands with glee,
And the door is ope'd to his double knock,
And he pockets the guinea fee.
Every day, their nerves to shock,
Somebody hears the doctor's knock

At No. 1, there's twins at a birth,
There's the measles at No. 2,
At No. 3 there's a beautiful case,
Of gout, and tic-doloreux.
There's a scalded babby at No. 4,
No. 5 has a shocking sprain;
At 6, a teetotaler's hopping off,
With water on the brain,
Every day, &c.

There's the influenza at No. 7,
And at 8, old Lady Spinks,
Has a dreadful erysipelas—
They do say that she drinks.
At 9, to a dropsical old maid,
He daily visits the place—
But what can they want with a wet nurse too,
If it's only a dropsy case?
Every day, &c.

May his visits be seldom to you my friends,
And the people have always enough
Good cheer, to keep them in health, without
Resorting to doctor's stuff,
Soon, soon comes the day, when, quackery goes,
And paying long bills we give o'er
Then long life to Her Majesty's subjects, we say,
And may no doctors knock at the door.

White PN970.E5.CATH x

Will you Love me then as now?

YOU have told me that you love me,
And your heart's thoughts seem to speak,
As you look on me so fondly,
And the life-blood tints your cheek;
May I trust that these warm feelings,
Never will grow cold and strange,
And that you'll remain unalter'd,
In this weary world of change?
When the shades of care and sorrow—
Dim my eyes and cloud my brow,
And my spirit sinks within me—
Will you love me then as now?

Though our youth may pass unclouded,
In a peaceful happy home,
Yet as year on year advances,
Changes must upon us come;
For the step will loose its lightness,
And the hair be chang'd to grey,
Eyes once bright, give up their lustre,
And the hopes of youth decay:
When all these have pass'd upon me,
And stern age has touch'd my brow,
Will the change find you unchanging,
Will you love me then as now?

King Canute.

IN the merry old times of our ancestors,
When the Saxons and Danes ruled here,
They feasted right well,
as their chronicles tell,
And got drunk every day in the year.
In the merry old times, &c.

One day when the king was royally fresh,
They throned him upon the sea shore,
And commanded the waves,
Like infidel slaves,
To be humble their master before.
In the merry old times, &c.

But the billows were all so rolling drunk,
That they scared the whole court from Dover,
And they foamed and they roared,
"We scorn such a Lord,
"He's a King only half seas over!"

Then his majesty summoned both Commons and Lords,
"Let's be merry and wise,' quoth he;
"To quell this commotion,
"Let's drink up the ocean,
"And so become lords of the sea."
In the merry old times, &c.

It is the Song my Mother sings.

(Elisa Cook.)

IT is the song my mother sings,
And gladly do I list the strain;
I never hear it but it brings
The wish to hear it sung again.
She breathed it to me long ago,
To lull me to my baby rest,
And has she murmured, soft and low,
I slept in peace upon her breast.
Oh, gentle Song! thou hast a throng
Of angel times within thy spell;
I feel that I shall love thee long,
And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,
With doating glance of warm delight,
In after years I know not how
Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight.
That mother's voice will then be still,
I hear it falter day by day:
It soundeth like a fountain rill,
That trembles ere it cease to play.
And then this heart, thou gentle Song,
Will find an anguish in thy spell;
'Twill wish it could not love so long,
Or had not love thee half so well.

We were Boys together.

(H. Russell.)

WE were boys together,
And never can forget
The school house near the heather,
In childhood where we met:
Nor the green home, to memory dear,
Its sorrows and its joys,
Which call'd the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

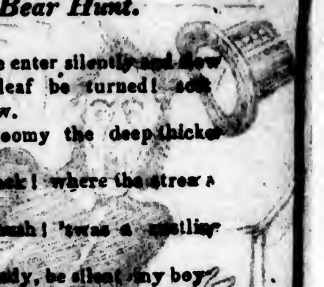
We were youths together,
And castles built in air!
Your heart was like a feather,
While mine was dash'd with care!
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To you it brought alloys,
Ne'er imag'd in in the primrose time
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together!
The friends we lov'd of yore,
With leaves of Autumn weather,
Are gone for ever more!
How bless'd to a e the impulse giv'n,
The hope th t ne'er destroys,
Which led our thoughts from earth to heav'n,
When you and I were boys.

I'm Queen of a Fairy Band.

I'M queen of a fairy band,
My home is where I will,
From the heights of the snowiest land
To the depths of the darkest rill.
The ocean, the earth, the air,—
The stars with their twilight bowers,
Are mine; if you'll follow me their,
Your path shall be ever 'mid flowers.
For the thoughtless, the heartless, the cold;
I've palaces icy and chill;
Come, follow, I can unfold
Whatever your fancy can fill.
I'm queen of a fairy band, &c.

The Bear Hunt.



THE forest we enter silently now
Let not a leaf be turned! soft breathe low.
Darker, more gloomy the deep thicket grows,
Look for the track! where the stream a bit flows,
Hush! hush! hush! 'twas a rustling noise,
Steady lads, steady, be silent my boys
Fire! see, what is that? an old rascal
Missed him? I guess, lad, you need to learn,
Onward we bound, and the fern grass high,
We cannot be far off, a bear must be nigh.

Hark! hark! a growl; now each take aim,
Let the old woman go forth now we see,
A bear and her cubs! she's up in the lair,
Fire! you have hit her; again, boys prepare,
Hit again! now then she runs to the tree;
Hit again! brave! the lies motionless there;
Another shot! down she goes; seize on your prey,
And then on our shoulders we'll bear her away.
So praise to the woodman, whose feast we prepare,
And whose shot killed the brute in her secret lair;
And sing the old song, for the shot that is best,
By our Wood-fires bright in the far West,

Come, hallow the Goblet.

Tune—"The Queen, God bless her."

COME, hallow the goblet with something more true
Than the words we forget in a minute,
For the toast is to wine as the flower to the dew,
And lends all the sweetness that's in it:
Then fill, for a worthier toast ne'er was found,
Since man clung to man like a brother,
'Tis this, and oh! let its whole spirit go round,
Here's—The heart that can feel for another.

'Tis a sentiment sacred to every breast,
That knows how uncertain's the morrow;
And the gleams of the goblet are seldom the best
To brighten our moments of sorrow.
No: 'tis when misfortune and misery frown,
And our griefs are too heavy to smother,
That we prove the best toast the banquet may crown
In—The
Th

The Paupers Drive.

THERE'S a grim horse hearse in a jolly round trot,
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot,
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge the sad driver sings:
Rattle his bones, over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns

Oh! where are the mourners? alas! there are none,
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone,
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman or man,
To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can.
Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

What a jolting and cracking and splashing and din!
The whip how it cracks, the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurl'd,
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.
Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

But a truce to this strain, for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,
And depart from the world without leaving a friend,
Bear softly his bones over the stones,
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns.

The Labourer's Welcome Home.

(Dibdin.)

THE ploughman collected from the furrow,
The hedger joins the woodman's cry,
The woodman shouts the woodland through,
The shepherd's pipe dies on the plain;
Where'er the sentence sweet may vary,
Our ear receives the welcome sound,
Myriads of beings hail the day,
Of nature's song the general pleasure,
Till to keep time, the village clock
Sounds sweet the labourer's welcome home.

The hearth swept clean, his partner smiling,
Upon the shining table smokes
The frugal meal; while time beguiling,
The ale the harmless jest provokes,
Reminds of the lofty dome,
Admire his lot; his children playing,
To share his smile, around him throng;
And faithful Tray, since morn, that straying
Trudged with him till the village clock
Proclaimed the labourer's welcome home.

The cheering faggot burnt to embers,
While lares round their vigils keep,
That power which poor and rich remembers,
Each thanks and then retires to sleep;
And now the lark climbs heaven's high dome,
Fresh from repose, toil's kind reliever
And, furnished with his daily stock,
His dog, his staff, his keg, his beaver,
He travels till the village clock
Sounds, sweet, the labourer's welcome home.

When I played those tricks so Charming.

A parody on 'As I view these scenes so charming.'

(Planché.)

WHEN I play'd those tricks so charming,
With squibs and crackers old Wigsby warming,
In Guy Fawkes's and Jacks in boxes,
I invested, I invested all my tin,
Guys as ugly still round me grin,
But those days—but those days don't come again!
Ah! the bright squibs of childhood spurning,
Other wheels than 'Catherine' turning,
To increase his fortune yearning,
Scheme on scheme sees explode and pass away—
Woes then ever his future burning,
Like a rocket, and lose the day.

[illegible]

(Dibdin.)

WHEN faintly glimm'ring dies the doubtful day,
Ere yet the dew-drops on the thorn
Renew a lustre from the ray,
That tips with gold the dawning morn,
Health bids us wake, and hounds and horns,
Tantivy, who gives another chase,
And well with strength his nerves he arms,
Urges the generous steed to the chase.

Do we pursue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds,
Still of her safety have we care,
While seeming death her steps surrounds;
We the defenceless creature spare,
And instant stop the well-taught hounds,
For cruelty should ne'er disgrace
The well-earned pleasures of the chase.

Do we persue the subtle fox,
Still let him breaks and rivers try,
Through marshes wade or climb the rocks,
The deep-mouthed Hounds shall following fly,
And while he every danger mocks,
Unpittied shall the culprit die;
To quell his cruel artful race,
Is labour worthy of the chase,

Returned with shaggy spoils well stored,
To our convivial joys at night,
We toast and first our country's lord.
Anxious who most shall do him right,
The fair next crowns the social board,
Britons should love as well as fight,
For he who slights the tender race
Is held unworthy of the chase,

I'm Bothered from head to the tail.

Air—"Dear, dear, what can the matter be?"

(G. Colman.)

AT sixteen years old you could get little good of me;
Then I saw Norah—who soon understood of me
I was in love—but myself. The blood of me,
Could not tell what I did ail.
'Twas dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Och! blood an ouns, what can the matter be?
Ooh! gramachree, what can the matter be?
Bother'd from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flanigan;
Told him my case—made an end—then began again!
Said I was bewitched, make me soon my own man again,
I'm sure I don't know what I ail.
Dear, dear, says he what can the matter be?
Och! blood an ouns, can you tell, what can the matter be?
Ooh! gramachree—what can the matter be,
Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again—
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again
Gave me a kiss—Och! zounds, that threw me worse again;
Well she knew what I did ail.
But dear, dear; says she, what can the matter be?
Och! blood an ouns, what can the matter be?
Both cried out—what can the matter be?
Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary
How strange, growing older, our nature should vary,
All symtoms are gone, of my ancient quandary,
I cannot tell now what I ail.
Dear, Dear! what can the matter be?
Och! blood an ouns, what can the matter be?
Ooh! gramachree, what can the matter be?
I'm bother'd from head to the tail

Foretop Morality.

(Dibdin.)

TWO real tars, whom duty call'd
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhaul'd,
And took a cheering drop:
I say, Will! Ahoy, cried Tom Tom,
Of conduct what's your sort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you safe to port?

Cried Will, You lubber, don't you know?—
Our passions close to reef,
To steer where honour points the prow,
To hand a friend relief;
These anchors get but in your power,
My life for't, that's your sort;
The bower, the sheet, and the best bower,
Shall bring you up in port.

Why then you're out, and there's an end;
Tom cried out blunt and rough;
Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
Be maxims well enough.
Who swabs his bows at other's woe,
That far's for me your sort,
His vessel right a head shall go
To find a joyful port.

Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes make me reel,
Why, damme, what's my own distress?—
For others let me feel.
Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale
To heaven, this your sort,
A merchantman [illegible]
To bring you to [illegible] port.

Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene.

CHANT.

OH, I am going to sing you a story,
which I suppose you all know
At least it was told to me a very
long time ago.
'Tis all about a young fellow, by
name Alonzo,
And amongst the female population
he was quite the beau.

Air—Old English Gentleman.

Now this young swell a sweetheart
had,
A fairer ne'er was seen—
She'd light blue eyes and flaxen hair
And only seventeen.
And he was just turned twenty-one,
And what we might call green,
To flop his young affections
On the faithless Imogene.
This foolish soft young gentleman,
The subject of our rhyme.

Air—Guaracha.

Alonzo the Brave, and the fair
Imogene,
Conversed as they sat side by side
And squeezing her hand
(You know what I mean)
Said dearest dearest, wilt thou be my
bride?

Air—La Somnambula.

Sounds so joyful, bliss revealing,
Chloroform-like o'er her senses
stealing.
So she answers him in tones of feeling
Dearest Alonzo, you must ask
my respectable papa.

Air—Sprig of Shilaleh.

Then away went Alonzo to seek the
old man,
And to get his consent tried to hit
on a plan,
By which he might marry the fair
Imogene
The wars they were on, the Baron
was bold,
He'd once been a soldier but was
now rather old.
So said he to Alonzo—If you will
go there,
And join the brave army, I do not
much care
If I grant you permission to wed
Imogene.

And thus he sung or said—
I've just seen your father, and he
says, my dearest life—
If I'll be a soldier, why he'll let you
be my wife.

Then good bye young Alonzo, I know
you're young and strong,
So go and be a soldier but do not
be too long.

But, ha, says the youth, since to-
morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Some other may court you, and you
will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand.

Oh, cease those suspicions, fair
Imogene cried,
If e'er for another my heart shall
decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the brave,
I hope that to punish my falsehood
and pride,
Your ghost at my wedding may sit
by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me
as bride,
And bear me away to the grave,

Air—Lord Lovel.

But he had not been gone but a year
and a day,
To fight in a far country—
When a baron all covered with
jewels and gold,
Came to ask her his spousy to be,
be, be.
Came and asked her if she'd
marry he, he, he.

Air—Kitty Clover.

Now this baron he certainly bo-
ther'd her so,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!
With him to the church she con-
sented to go,
Which was very wrong you know

The guests were invited, and every
thing done,
The moments flew by in uproarous
fun,
Till the bell of the castle at length
tolled ONE;
Bow, wow, wow, wow, oh, oh, oh!
The guests in affright from the
tables all run,
The reason you shortly will know

Air—Mistletoe Bough.

A figure unearthly the hall up did
glide,
And seated himself at fair Imogene's
side;
His air was terrific, he utter'd no
sound,
He spoke not—he moved not—he
gazed not around;
His vizor was down, in black
armour he shone,
And Imogene's features grew ghast-
ly and wan,
The lights they burn blue, and the
lady they say—
As is usual in such cases—fainted
away.
Oh, for poor Imogene's vow,
Poor Immy, you're in for it now

This is what the ghost said—
Behold me—you told me—
You'd be true, and you've sold me,
List to your own broken vow.

Air—Down among the dead men.

You hoped that to punish your
falsehood and pride,
My ghost at your wedding should
sit by your side,
Might tax you with perjury, claim
you as bride,
And bear you away to the grave
beside.
Now since your oath you did forge
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men you
must go.

Air—Billy Taylor.

Now ladies all may take a moral,
From this doleful history,
When your lovers go fight for the
warrior's laurel,
Never give way to perjury.
Tid id, id dd, tol lol.
For in those days of table turning
The tables may be turned on you
And don't think ghosts can't be
returning,
'Cause now I assure you they do.
Tid id, id dy, &c.
And if doubt on my tale you're
throwing,
The original parties may be seen;
Just go and ask Mr. Robert Owen,
He call'd up Alonzo and Imogene
Tid id, id dy, &c.

Well met, pretty Maid.

A Duet.

(Bickerstaff.)

He.—WELL met, pretty maid,
Nay don't be afraid,
I mean you no mischief, I vow!
Psha! what is't you ail?
Come, give me your pail.
And I'll carry it up to your cow.

She—Pray let it alone.
I've hands of my own,
Nor need yours to help me—forbear!
How can you persist?
I won't sir, be kist,
Nor teased thus,—go, rifle elsewhere.

He.—In yon lonely grove,
I saw an alcove.
All around the sweet violet springs,
And there was a thrush,
Hard by in yon bush,
'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.

She.—But, hark! prithee hark;
Look, yonder's the lark;
It warbles and pleases me so,
To hear the soft tale
Of the sweet nightingale,
I would not be tempted to go.

He.—Then here we'll sit down:
Come, come, never frown,
No longer my bliss I'll retard,
Kind *Venus* shall spread
Her veil over head,
And the little rogue *Cupid* keep guard.

Love and Prudence.

(W. H Ireland.)

BEGONE your heart will fickle prove,
For men are faithless, and deceive;
By flattery first you win our love,
Then smile that we your vows believe.
And canst thou doubt my bosom's glow?
Are all my vows but passing air?
Ah! did thy breast such fervour know,
Thou could'st not bid me thus despair.

Why wilt thou seek to steal my heart,
And lull the caution of my soul?
Why tell of Cupid's honied dart,
That shaft which reason could control?
And why hast thou such beauties rare?
Why do I such perfection see?
Why in that breast, divinely fair,
Dwells every charm but love of me?

Ah! could I prove thy breast sincere,
And were thy vows and sighs but true,
I'd banish each corroding fear,
And only live for love and you.

Where shall the Lover rest!

(Sir Walter Scott.)

WHERE shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.
Eleu, luro —There shall be his pillow

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are loving;
There, while the tempest away,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never,
Eleu, luro,—Never, O, never.

Where shall the traitor rest?
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her,
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingle's war's rattle
With groans of the dying,
Eleu, luro,—There shall he be lying

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted;
Shame and dishonour sit,
By his grave ever,
Blessings shall hallow it,
Never, O never.
Eleu, luro,—Never, O never.

The Cot where I was born.

I'VE roamed beneath a foreign sky,
Where beauteous flow'rets grew;
Where all was lovely to the eye,
And dazzling to the view:
I've seen them graced by night's pale tear,
Bedecked by radiant morn;
But never found a spot so dear
As that where I was born.
But never found, &c.

Can wealth or titles compensate
The want of friendship's glow?
Can gaudy's pageant's earthly state
So bright a gem bestow?
To me such joys are cold indeed—
They hold the heart forlorn;
Give me the spot I love so dear—
The cot where I was born.
Give me the spot, &c.

The Land of my Birth.

(Composed by BISHOP.)

Music published by D'Almaine, Soho Square.

WHEN the pilgrim returns
From a far distant shrine,
To the home that he loves,
As I dearly love mine;
Though wayworn, expiring,
He sinks to the earth,
With rapture he'll cry,
"'Tis the land of my birth!"
To my own humble shed,
Like the pilgrim I turn;
And if death be my lot,
All its terrors I'll spurn;
And with ecstacy cry,
Ere I sink to the earth,
"I at least find a grave
In the land of my birth!"

Will you come to the Dale?

Will you come to the dale?
Let your Mary prevail,
For oft I have heard you declare,
That you ne'er would decline
In these pleasures to join,
If Mary, dear Mary, was there.

Ah! why then refuse?
Say, what can excuse
Your hasting our pastimes to share?
See, bright shines the sun,
The sports have begun,
And Mary, dear Mary, is there.

Ah! why then delay?
Art thou tempted to stray
By some rival more wealthy and fair?
Sure your heart would reply,
Its fond tenant am I,—
That Mary, dear Mary, is there.

But, alas! should it prove
That another you love,
And to church with your bride
should repair;
Should some willow-tree wave
O'er a new-cover'd grave,
Think Mary, dear Mary, lies there

The Pudding-bag.

Tune.—"Derry down."

TO study the people, the climate, and weather,
Dr. Johnson and Boswell a tour took together
To Scotland, and some han-yan days did endure,
For living, they found like the people was poor.
Derry down.

At a low little pot-house, one day, like a glutton,
Johnson had ordered a roast leg of mutton;
And Boswell, with appetite clever and keen,
Spoke of a nice boil'd plum-pudding to been.
Derry down.

The mutton was ready—they sat down to dine:
'I'm hungery,' says Boswell, 'this mutton is fine!'
'Hem!' says the Doctor,—'the pudding's a treat,
I've altered my mind—I can't eat any meat'.
Derry down.

In silence they dined, and the cloth cleared away,
And Boswell said, 'why did you leave meat to day?'
'Tis something uncommon, roast mutton be passed,
Strange that, you starving, should still longer fast!'
Derry down.

Said Johnny 'if really the truth must be said,
I saw the meat roasting—and saw the boy's head
Was lousy and scabby, and still as it ran,
He scratched it with both his hands over the pan.'
Derry down

'Unfriendly,' said Boswell, 'to play such a trick,
The thoughts of it, even now, makes me heart-sick;
If half an hour back, you your silence had broke,—
Said Johnson—'no, that would have spoiled a good joke.'
Derry down.

Enraged, returned Boswell, 'I'll have the boy in,
And, curse him, I'll break every bone in his skin;
Come hear you young rascal—say, how does it hap,
You don't on this vile scabby head wear a cap?'
Derry down.

Said the boy, 'why, gome sir, indeed it is true,
Why I dinna wear cap,—Deed, sir I do;
But mither she kenning my cap was a gude'un,
She used it this morsin' to boil your plum-pudding.'
Derry down

The Boys of [illegible].

Tune.—"Over the [illegible]."

OH! the [illegible] are an [illegible],
They [illegible],
For their [illegible]
To a steady respectable father;
If you're a boy, and you happen to [illegible],
About him to a friend than yourself brought in,
He whips to know with all possible [illegible],
If he'll [illegible] for a quarter?
There's really no bearing the boys of [illegible] days,
What [illegible], and staring and mocking,
When I was a boy they'd been put in the cage,
It really is shocking! Oh! shocking.
A father—God bless me, there's no such a thing,
He's called the old man, and the guvnor,
And as for a mother, not one can you bring,
That ain't some old woman or other.
If they try to be saving and eke out their means,
Just to keep up appearances tidy,
The dainty big boys won't eat bacon and greens,
And they won't touch mash'd mutton on Friday.
There's really no bearing, &c.
For breakfast they'll want a blow-out of cold meat,
And at tea-time they'll safe want a muffin,
If he can't see the wit of short pipes in the street,
He's very soon called an old guffin.
If they live by themselves they're nobbing it home,
For tin, with a pipe and a thick stick,
And if to the door the mother should come,
It's 'mother, old flick, how's old Pick wick?'
There's really no bearing, &c.
If by chance they should meet the old man in the street,
If he don't stand a pint he's bent down sirs,
And while the old gentleman is standing treat,
They drain him of every brown sirs.
And at home if he's got any boys about ten,
And he should by chance turn his back there,
They rush in and bawl out, here Jack, Tom, and Ben,
Let's be on to the old bloke's tobacco.
There's really no bearing, &c.
They tipple, they drink, they bounce, and they smoke,
And if he wants to know what such things are
They tip him the [illegible] and give him a poke,
And tell him he [illegible] what things are.
They are quite [illegible] to stop [illegible] all night,
And it's best of [illegible] a pal home,
If he don't leave the [illegible] there'll soon be a fight,
And they'll know why he can't bring a gal home,
There's really no [illegible], &c.
When I was a boy things were different quite,
I never saw rum, gin, or brandy:
It was never allowed to stay out all night,
And I drank nothing stronger than water;
'Till I'd seen about thirty I ne'er thought of a wife,
And never wore clothes that wasn't paid for,
And as for the gals, why, at my time of life,
I didn't know what they were made for.
There's really no bearing, &c,

I likes a drop of good beer.

COME one and all, both great and small,
With voices loud and clear,
And let us sing bless Billy the King,
Who 'bated the tax upon beer,
For I likes my drop of good beer,
I do,
I likes a drop of good beer;
And——his eyes who ever tries,
To rob a poor man of his beer.
Let ministers shape the duty on Cape,
And cause Port wine to be dear,
So that they keep the bread and meat cheap,
And gi'e us a drop of good beer.
For I likes a drop, &c.
In drinking rum the maggots will come,
And bald pates will appear,
I never goes out, but I carries about,
My little pint noggin of beer.
For I likes a drop, &c.
My wife and I feel always dry,
At market on Saturday night;
Then a noggin of beer, I never need fear,
For my wife always says that is right. For she likes a drop, &c.
In harvest field there's nothing can yield,
The labouring man such good cheer,
To reap and sow and make barley grow,
And to give 'em a skinfull of beer.
For they likes a drop, &c.
Long may Queen Victoria reign,
And be to her subjects dear,
And wherever she goes, we'll wallop her foes,
Only give us a skinfull of beer.
For we likes a drop, &c.
The farmer's board will plenty afford,
Let it come from far and from near,
And at harvest home the jug will foam,
If he gives his men plenty of beer.

The Parting Tear, or farewell! a last farewell!

FAREWELL, a last farewell,
Land where our fathers dwell,
More dear by parting made,
Where we as children play'd;
In meadows gathering flowers,
And pass'd our happiest hours;
Here on the beach we stand,
Our home our native land,
And weep to think our feet shall
tread thy fairy shore,
And our sad eyes behold thee never,
never more.

Farewell, ye hills and streams,
We'll see you in our dreams,
Each well remembered scene,
The oak trees on the green;
The lowly cottage fire,
The tapering village spire,
And every little mound,
Grass grown on holy ground:
Where sleep in death the friends,
the friends whom we deplore,
Farewell for ever, we return, return
no more.

No more, no more our eyes
Grow dim with tears that rise,
Deep from the bursting heart,
To know that we depart;
And that the looks we cast,
So fondly, are the last!
Farewell, oh native land!
A melancholy band
Long, we long to go, yet linger
on the shore,
Farewell for ever, we return, return
no more.

The Last Meeting.

AH! what grief and sadness,
Weigh down my heart,
While I hear thee falter,
We soon must depart
Dark will make the morrow,
Dark as night to me.
When mine eyes no longer
Fondly gaze o thee.
As from some blest vision,
I wake to pain,
Never tranquil slumber
To know again;
Our happy dream is past,
This meeting is our last.

Peaceful haunts of childhood!
Where oft we strayed:
Gently flowing streamlet,
And sunny glade!
Ye no more can charm me,
Now each scene does fair,
Seems with gloom o'ershadow'd,
Soothes not my despair
As from some blest vision,
I wake to pain:
Never tranquil slumber
To know again;
Our happy dream is past,
This meeting is our last.

The Cottage and Water Mill.

HAVE you seen the new cottage that's built by the squire,
And to it not all the land heart can desire;
With it's pretty white gate, which half hidden doth stand,
And the clustering roses seem courting your hand,
In it's garden so trim that you cannot but stay,
To gather in freshness and bear them away,
Yes often I stroll to the church on the hill,
Where I view the old cottage and old water mill.

That stood so once stood the old water mill,
Amid thro' the green meadows there rippled a rill;
And welcome there was to the old miller's time,
When the mill and it's master were both in their prime,
And oft as we joined in the gay rustic throng,
Have we chorus'd the laugh, as we chorus'd the song,
But now as I stroll to the church on the hill,
I view but the ruins of the cottage and mill.

Our friends has departed, the mill has decayed,
And time I confess has some sad changes made,
But time as we know like the mill goeth round,
New faces smile kindly, with hearts full and sound;
Yet fancy still echoes the merry click, clack,
When neither the mill, or it's labour was slack,
As I ramble in thought to thee on the hill,
Where I viewed the old cottage and old water mill.

Dear Italy.

OH Italy, dear Italy,
My lov'd and happy home,
My dearest thoughts still dwell with thee,
Though far away I roam:
I think upon thy cloudless skies,
Thy vineyards spreading far,
I think on Rosa's laughing eyes,
I hear her light guitar;
I think of scenes of infancy,
Of innocence and love,
When life from every care was free
And bright was all above.
Oh, Italy, &c.

Oh Italy, dear Italy,
The land that gave me birth,
Between us roars the raging sea,
No more I hear thy mirth;
No more I hear thy mountain songs
I tread a stranger's shore,
Nor meet with one among the throng,
To tell my sorrows o'er.
No more the heart of Rosa's eye,
Shall glad my soul to-day,
And memory only brings a sigh,
Dear Italy for thee.

To the west, to the west, &c.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer

CHEER, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way,
Hope points before and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
So farewell England, much as we love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before,
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
So farewell England, farewell for evermore.

Cheer, boys, cheer! for country, mother country,
Cheer, boys, cheer! the willing strong right hand;
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour,
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
The world shall follow in the track we're going,
The star of empire glitters in the west.
Here we had toil and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain;
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.

Cheer, boys, cheer! for country, mother country,
Cheer, boys, cheer! united heart, and hand,
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour,
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

I'll away to the wars.

I'LL away to the wars, for the trumpets are sounding,
The rush upon freemen the proud foe to meet,
And the pulse of this heart, like my war steed is bounding—
For death to gain liberty, surely is sweet.
The fond girl that presses her cheek to my bosom,
Awhile I must leave, alas! we must part,
And whatever my fate be, I never can deceive thee,
O Mary, young Mary, thou'rt dear to my heart.

I'll away to the wars, for my kinsmen lie bleeding,
Sweet home of my childhood I'll quit thee awhile,
And will follow the path which to glory is leading,
I'll shun the dark by-roads of falsehood and guile.
O kiss me once more, let thy fond arms caress me,
The daylight is breaking, and I must depart,
Fare-thee-well, my sweet girl, and may Heaven bless thee—
O Mary, dear Mary, thou'rt dear to my heart.

The Ginshop Bar.

WHEN first I saw Miss Bailey,
'Twas on a Saturday,
At the Corner Pin she was drinking gin,
And smokidg a yard of clay.
And when that pipe was emp-ti-ed,
She'd fill it with backey again,
Throw off her glass, and shout "Old Lass!
"Lets have another drain!"
As she stood at the gin-shop bar,
She'd sing, she'd laugh, "Ha! ha!
"While I've got the tin,
"I'll spend it in gin,
"So good luck to the gin-shop bar."

Miss Bailey round the bar, sirs,
Would send her glass of gin,
She didn't care who drank with her,
While she had got the tin.
But where t he rhino came from,
'Twould puzzle queen or king;
All I can say, she used to pay,
Would this lushy girl, I sing.
As she sat at the gin-shop bar,
Singing, "Fal lal de ral la,
"I don't care a pin,
"While I've got the tin,
"It shall go at the gin-shop bar!"

I'd rather be outside, sirs,
Than with that motley throng
For she kept on annoying me,
And coming it rather strong.
'Till she fell off her perch, sirs,
A-sprawling on the floor,
And loudly shout, "My glass is out,
"Let have a toothful more!"
But the man at the gin-shop bar,
Sent for the Bobby's, not far,
Who quickly did fetch her,
Then off on a stretcher,
She went from the gin-shop bar.

Next morning a government car,
Took her from the Police bar,
She was heard to say,
As they bore her away,
"I takes arter my own mamma!"

To the West.

TO the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.
Where children are blessings and he who has most,
Has aid for his fortune and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult and the aged may rest,
Away, far away! to the land of the west.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away! to the land of the west.

To the west, to the west, where the rivers that flow,
Run thousands of miles spreading out as they go;
Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
As wide as old England, and free for us all.
Where the Prairies like seas where the billows have roll'd,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
Away, far away! to the land of the west.

To the west, to the west, there's wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine, or breath in the air.
The bold independance that labour can buy,
Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to sigh;
Away, far away! let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the land of the west.
To the west, to the west, &c.

The Low-back'd Car.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay; (grass,
But when that hay was blooming
And deck'd with flow'rs of spring
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing,
As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never ask'd her for the toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes demands the tithes
Of death in warlike cars;
While Peggy, peaceful goddess!
Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down in the market town,
As right and left they fly— (car,
While she sits in her low-back'd
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-back'd car

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters.
By far outnumber these,
While she among her poultry sits;
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love,
While she sits in her low-back'd car,
She lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is picking—
As she sits in her low-back'd car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With, Peggy by my side, (lore,
Than a posch and four and gold ge-
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forenent me,
On cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
While my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-back'd car,
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh! my heart would beat high;
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-back'd car

The Husband's Dream.

(Sequel to the "Wife's Dream."

"WHY Dermot you look healthy now, your dress is neat and clean,
I never see you drunk about, oh! tell me where you've been;
Your wife and family all are well, you once did use them strange,
Oh! are you kinder to them grown, how came this happy change?

"It was a dream,—a warning voice, which Heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from the Drunkard's curse, grim want and misery;
My wages all were spent in drink, oh! what a wretched view,
I almost broke my Mary's heart, and starved my children too.

"What was my home or wife to me? I heeded not her sigh,
Her patient smile has welcom'd me, When tears bedim'd her eye,
My children, too, have oft awoke, 'oh! father, dear,' they've said,
'Poor mother has been weeping so, because we've had no bread.'

"My Mary's form did waste away, I saw her sunken eye;
On straw my babes in sickness laid, I heard their wailing cry;
I laugh'd and sung in drunken joy, While Mary's tears did stream,
Then like a beast I fell asleep, and had this warning dream:—

"I thought once more I stagger'd home, there seem'd a solemn gloom,
I miss'd my wife, where can she be? and strangers in the room!
I heard them say, 'Poor thing she's dead, she led a wretched life,
Grief and want has broke her heart, who'd be a drunkard's wife.'

"I saw my children weeping round, I scarcely drew my breath,
They call'd and kiss'd her lifeless form, for ever still'd in death;
'Oh! father come and wake her up, the people say she's dead,
Oh! make her smile and speak once more, we'll never cry for bread.

"She is not dead," I frantic cried, and rush'd to where she lay,
And madly kiss'd her once warm lips, for ever cold as clay;
"Oh! Mary speak one word to me, no more I'll cause you pain,
No more I'll grieve your loving heart, nor ever drink again.

"Dear Mary speak, 'tis Dermot calls, why so I do, she cried;'
I 'woke, and true, my Mary dear, was kneeling by my side;
I press'd her to my throbbing heart, while joyous tears did stream,
And ever since I've heaven blessed for sending me that dream.

Maiden, why so sad and lonely.

MAIDEN why so sad and lonely?
Why those oft-repeated sighs?
Is it hope deferr'd, or only
Fancied woes that dew thine eyes?

Young and lovely, all thy moments
Ought to fleet on golden wings;
And thy pure heart's rich endowments,
Teach thee scorn of trifling things.

The Sailor's Farewell.

TO old England, thy white cliffs adieu!
Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you?
Though oceans divide us as wide as the pole,
No distance can change the true love of my soul.
As well might my messmates determine to bale
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,
As direct my firm mind from the fond thought of you;
Farewell to old England! dear Mary adieu!

Dear Mary, adieu! Can that ship go to wreck,
Where every plank bears your sweet name on the deck?
Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,
While guileless my shipmates at chequers have played.
Their sports are not pastime, but sorrow to me;
My mind is more happy in sighing to thee;
More happy by far when thinking of you;
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu.

Yes, the hope of return—all the joy of a tar—
'Tis his compass, his helm, 'tis his guide and his star,
'Tis imprest on his bosom the moment he sails,
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales;
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day;
With rapture it makes his affection to burn,
And changes Adieu into Welcome return!

It was the Red-Cross Knight.

(Sung by Miss Birch, in the opera of "The Maid of Honour.")

IT was the red-cross Knight
Who sought his lady's bower;
His plume was snowy white;
In his helm a faded flower;
Blooming, her hand had placed it there:
His guerdon-charm to prove,
Heaven heard the lady's prayer,
And home restored her love.

Her lattice light is fled;
The knight hath climbed that tower;
His lady-love lies dead,
Blighted, like her guerdon-flowers.
Ever 'tis thus, in life's brief round,
How golden e'er it prove;
One blighted hope is found
To mar the bliss of love.

The Merry Gipsy Band.

LIST to the lay of a gipsy band,
Merily roaming from land to land,
Free as the larks fleet wings above,
Fearing no hate, nor courting love,
We borrow from all yet none we owe,
Laughing at care where'er we go,
The fattest deer in park or wood,
Of knight or peer, supplies us food,
Our drink the best, though contraband,
Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

The townsman may boast that one home hath he,
But we have a hundred all rent free,
Nothing we pay for coals or clothes,
Yet we've a fire where hedge wood grows;
The rich mans larder have no better fare,
Dainties of brook, of earth and air,
In our abodes we do not writhe,
Beneath a load of tax or tithes,
No care in head, no coin in hand,
Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

The wealthy may boast of their stately halls,
Streaming light from pictured walls,
Of moulded ceilings, gilded domes,
Flower'd carpets o'er their rooms,
But we are rich as they below (aloft,
The grass our floor the sky our roof,
The bonny rays of yonder moon,
Can match the blaze of their gay saloon,
We've healthier cheeks, although they're tann'd,
Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

I never will forget thee.

(Music by Mr. Barnett.)

I NEVER will forget thee,
Wherever thou mayst be;
The mem'ry of thy kindness
Will make me true to thee;
For thou didst smile upon me,
And cheer me with thy lays,
When Care's rude hand had banished
The friends of sunny days.
I never can forget thee,
Wherever thou mayst be;
The mem'ry of thy kindness
Will make me true to thee,
Will make me, &c

Thy truth it was that taught me
To soar my cares above,
The darker grew my fortunes,
The warmer grew thy love:
My hope's frail bark had foundered,
On sorrow's stormy sea;
My days ere this were numbered
And were it not for thee.
And can I then forget thee?
Ah, no! my life must end,
Ere I can cease with kindness
To think on thee, my friend,
To think on thee, &c.